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Bath Characters:

J. V. Hewlett

OR

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY PETER PAUL PALLET.

" Let the gall'd jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. WILKIE AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.

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PROŒMIUM.

GENTLE READER.

WE have discovered in our profound literary researches, that in attacking folly and vice, *ridicule* is oftentimes a more useful instrument than grave reprehension:

✗ Ridiculum acri
Fortiùs et meliùs magnas plerumque secat res;

and that the lash of *satire* will penetrate to the feelings of *those* whom the most serious remonstrances would not put to the blush.

Frequent sojournments in *Bath* have convinced us, there is no place within the dominions of our liege Lord the King, which so much requires the application of such a caustic, as this populous city; where vanity reigns triumphant; and folly, humbug, and imposture, carry their heads too high to be reached by any other weapon than the shaft of ridicule.

This conviction has induced us to volunteer our services in the cause, and prompted an en-

✗ "Ridicule is frequently employ'd with more power and success than severity." Playful satire may sometimes reform, where serious indignation would be of no avail.

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deavour to encourage *virtue*, by raising the laugh against her *adversary*. It has emboldened us, to commit, for the first time, our effusions to the press; and to send them out as adventurers upon the stormy ocean of the world. Not, indeed, without a palpitating heart; for we have often been ready to condemn the rashness of our determination; and to exclaim with the foolish Corydon,

> Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus austrum
> Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.

But as we had entered into a creditable service, and resolved to challenge the same honor which Cleland attributes to Pope, "not to write a line of any man, which through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interest, we should be ever unwilling to own," so we have been able to conquer our alarms, and to present our *virgin muse* (if there be one whose tutelage extends to dialogues), *intacta puella*, to the public. Far be it from us, therefore, to deprecate *candid* criticism, or to crave ought at the hands of the reviewers, save *justice seasoned with mercy*. Against *one* set of censors only we beg leave to put in our eternal protest—the wretched hirelings of the A--i J--n Review; who have neither

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sagacity to detect blemishes, *taste* to discover beauties, nor *liberality* to bestow the fair meed of praise on any writer whose principles are not in unison with their own mean, confined, and despicable opinions.

POST-SCRIPT.

Though we cannot venture to assert with a great wit, "that the sentiments of our speakers are so peculiar, and the touches of character so masterly, as to preclude the necessity of a *key*;" yet we flatter ourselves that our *sketches* bear such a resemblance to their originals, as will enable the reader, without much consideration, to *put the cap upon its right owner* throughout. Should the *likenesses*, however, prove less striking to others than to ourselves, we beg that this ill-success of the painter may not be attributed to our having accompanied the portraits with circumstances which do not belong to them; as we pledge ourselves, that every anecdote is legitimately connected with the person of whom it is told, and that most of the incidents introduced are genuine facts.

London, November 1st, 1807.

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Preparing for the Press,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,'

PUMP-ROOM CONVERSATIONS, POLITICAL, MORAL, AND THEOLOGICAL.

THIS WORK

Will be printed with *Brass* types, on *Fools-cap* paper.

A few copies will be worked off on *Ass's Skin*, for the use of the *Interlocutors.*

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DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

SCENE.

A PORTICO NEAR ALFRED STREET, BATH.

Enter Mr. Ramrod, and Tom Rattle.

Rattle. TOLL loll deroll loll de roll, loll de roll loll.

Ramrod. Do my ears and eyes deceive me, or is it my old friend Tom Rattle whom I now address?

Rat. The same in sober truth, my dear Ramrod, "and your poor servant ever."

Ram. I protest the sight of your phizz is quite a cordial to me; a very opthalmic; a cure for distempered vision. But pr'ythee, Tom, where hast thou concealed that comical face of thine for these last three years past; and from what region dost thou now come?

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Rat. [*sings*] "Oh I've been to countries rare;
Seen such sights 'twould make you stare."

I come, Ramrod, from rambles to which the travels of the wandering Jew were but a morning's lounge, and the journeyings of the tempest-tost Ulysses only an evening's saunter—Surfeited with fiddling and cassino; meagre petit soupees, and stupid family-dinners; with Monday's lies, and every day's scandal; with Tragedy torn to rags, and Comedy turned Billingsgate; with political preachers, and preaching politicians; with pert vanity, and impudent ignorance; I turned my horses' heads, one morning about three years ago, towards the mountains of Wales; with the determination to breathe for a while a pure invigorating æther, and to court the charms of unsophisticated nature, upon my jointure farms in Glamorgan, and amongst the simple tenantry who cultivate them.

Ram. And have you slumbered ever since, with the cattle of your pin-fold, and the poultry of your farm-yard?

Rat. Oh, no! believe it not; the dull

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jokes of the vicar, and the stale news of the apothecary, soon drove me from my retreat. I escaped one morning from the threatened persecution of these assassins of all patience, who had anticipated my hospitality, and *invited themselves* to dine with me; and crossing St. George's channel in a cock-boat, at the hazard of my life, I landed safely in my own dear country, which I had not visited for almost half a century. But oh, poor Milesia! how wast thou changed in the interval? What with suckling her *mother* on the other side of the water, and being squeezed and milched by her *children* at home, her landlords and parsons; what with *internal* complaints which convulsed her bowels, and *external* bruises from the hand of her ungrateful parent, she was so chop-fallen, woe-begone, and debilitated, that the very sight of her threw me into a fit of the blue devils, and obliged me again to decamp, almost as soon as I had set my foot on my native shore.

Ram. And whither did you bend your course, when you quitted our poor, dear, unfortunate country?

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Rat. "To Sawney's land I then repaired;" and mortified my flesh for a few months on oatmeal and haggis. But faugh! my olfactory nerves have scarcely yet been purified from the mephitic effluvium of "sweet Edinburgh oh!" The laddies are, however, upon the whole, a *gude* people; merry as crickets in spite of their *pheloso-phee;* and abundantly hospitable, for you are ever right welcome to their houses, if your errand there be not to beg or borrow. Their *ceveleete* too is proverbial, and every one's spine is incurvated by continual *booing*.

Ram. Ha! ha! ha! The same facetious fellow as ever, I find. Tom Rattle to the end of the chapter. But did your Scotch expedition finish the ramble?

Rat. Yes—like Linco, in the song, tired of wanderings that furnished me with nothing so pleasant as what I had left behind, I resolved to return to my former quarters, which, after all, "is the only place in the world," as Quin used to say, "for an old cock to go to roost in." Here I commenced my campaign about ten days ago; and

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have already made the tour of all that's to be seen, save the dominions with which you have been invested by the abdication of their former monarch.

Ram. Well: and what improvements do you find to have taken place amongst us during your absence?—The CLUB—

Rat. Oh! name it not for pity's sake—Nothing but long faces and empty pockets—"a waste and howling wilderness," naked as Eastern Prussia, and *drained* as dry as Holland. Every *rook* pigeoned; and every knowing-one taken in. Lord *Patterboard* had just paid his *friends* there a visit, and introduced a *new jerk of the elbow* of his own invention; thrown *six-ace* nine times running; swept the table with the rapidity of one of Buonaparte's marches; and set off again for London in his post-chaise and four, carrying away in his pocket every *rouleau* the house could muster.

Ram. Ha! ha! ha! Diamond cut diamond, with a vengeance. The NEW THEATRE, however, would not be so barren of amusement to you.

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Rat. Worse and worse, a very Fantocini. Punch and his puppets in a gilded shew-box. With all these *attractions*, however, it was "desolate as the dwelling of Morna;" but though I caught an ague from the damp solitude of the place, I could not help applauding the taste of your townsmen, for leaving this royal company of comedians to my *exclusive entertainment*. Oh! sacred spirit of Henderson! and thou, laughtermoving shade of the elder Edwin, whose talents were unfolded on the *then* genial stage of Bath! how would rising choler convert your own ambrosia into bile, could ye behold your buskin and your sock usurped by *pigmies*, and degraded by buffoons! I mean to suggest to the managers, who have wisely chosen the immortal Mr. Flockton for their model, to *get up* a tragedy, with kittens for the *Dramatis Personæ;* and to engage the merryandrews of all the neighbouring mountebanks, for the *lighter pieces* brought forward at their houses. In pure vexation of spirit at my disappointment, I oscillated from the play-

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house to the church, and have run the gauntlet through all the *public places* of this description in the city.

Ram. With equal edification and entertainment, I doubt not. *Here* I think we can boast—

Rat. Oh! in truth, a great deal that could not be found elsewhere—Croaking ravens; chattering jays; and devouring cormorants—Black-headed fanatics, and white-headed "dreamers of dreams".—The aqua-fortis of mob politics; and the mawkish slip-slop of modern divinity.—Rank Cayenne-pepper, and genuine powder-of-post.—No, Jack; in this too, as in every thing else, you are on the descent;

> Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
> Nos nequiores, mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Ram. A melancholy picture indeed of our present state and future prospects. But your *old* favorites the *fair*, would make amends for the decline of every thing else amongst us.

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Rat. You say right, Jack: all my favorites, now, *are old*. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ:* hence this long face. Grey hairs, my friend, maugre high spirits, are powerful non-electrics; *bad conductors* of the subtle flame. No; I must be content to sing, with one of Ossian's heroes, "Gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride amongst women."—There *was* a time, indeed, when I made a figure with the sex, and could select from my list of conquests a fair specimen of every degree of rank, from the duchess to the spouse of the squire. But—*fuimus*—Jack! all my credit for successful gallantry has been extinguished, and my ardour in the chase been gradually evaporating, ever since that very unseasonable *phlebotomical operation*, which was performed upon me by Dick Merryman, some years ago. A little *Linnet*, you know, was the subject of our dispute. We went out to settle it; he pinked my doublet as full of holes as a school-girl's sampler, and completed my obligations to him by carrying off the bird

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to his own nest.—But, d--n it, don't make me melancholy by recalling past grievances to my recollection.—I'd fain turn to gayer subjects; and, in the first place, congratulate you, Jack, on your translation from the *nether* to the *higher* sphere—from the *nadir* to the *zenith;* from the *Cercle de la Basse*, to the *Cercle de la Haute*.—All hail! thou worthy successor of a long list of *kings*, extending from old Bladud to thyself inclusive. May'st thou rival the immortal Nash in popularity; and may thy reign surpass in fame, splendor, and *profit* (which though last, is not least, I presume, in your estimation) the most prosperous of the august princes who have swayed before thee the imperial sceptre of Bath. Oh! how I envy thee the smiles of the misses, and the good word of their mammas. Oh! how delightful must be—

Ram. Fair and softly, my dear Tom! This is not the first time that your fancy has played the fool with your reason; and your imagination left poor reality in the

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back ground. All is not gold that glitters, Rattle. 'Tis true,

> "I am *monarch* of all I survey;
> My right there is none to dispute:"

but, alas! I, like other sovereigns, find that the lap of dignity is not "a bed of roses," nor *royal* power the path to ease and peace. Besides, my *kingdom* is an *elective* one; with revenues entirely depending on the pleasure of a turbulent and dissatisfied people. It is held, too, on the terms of a complete accommodation to the *public will;* and I am every moment liable to deposition by a convention of the *Tier Etats.*— Our American campaigns, Tom, were sport to the labours which are now heaped upon my shoulders, by the return of every season—"Smiles of the misses, and good word of their mammas", forsooth—Why, man, 'tis as much as I can do to preserve myself from being sometimes tossed in a blanket by these capricious dames. If men happen not to be as thick as hops; or, if they *vote*

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a back front to the fire instead of dancing, the girls immediately grow glumpy, and vent their spleen on poor Pilgarlic. On the other hand, should young miss, because she's as ugly as a horse, or as clumsy as an elephant, find no one so blind or good-natured as to offer his hand for the evening, the mother lays the blame on *me; bridles* up like a turkey-cock, and protests *I* am the most inattentive ill-bred wretch alive. All mistakes in *precedence*, too, are mortal sins; to prevent which, I am under the necessity of studying the red-book daily for two or three hours. Nor does this close my diurnal labours. When I go out, I must *know* every body; *smile* at every body; and *bow* to every body, I meet; so that I suffer the tortures of perpetual rheumatism in my shoulder, from the incessant motion of my hand to my hat; and find the utmost difficulty in preserving my *military perpendicularity* from the innumerable obeisances which my post demands from me. Oh! that I were the inhabitant of a wigwam, and a hunter of beavers amongst the

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uncivilized Esquimeaux! Believe me, dear Tom, it would be a state of luxury and ease compared with the severe services which my present honors exact.—But don't you recollect some of your old cronies amongst those who are coming in?

Lord Rat. Yes, surely, Jack, a great many; and none better than that *tun* of beauty, dear Mrs. Vehicle, who is sailing up the passage, supported like a nobleman's coat of arms by her amiable sisters, the virtuous widow on one side, and the angelic Miss Speakplain on the other. By my soul, the same roses play upon her cheeks now that bloomed there three winters ago; the *natural* tint of that identical *patent rouge* which she has enamelled her face with for these twenty years past. Her gait and presence, too, are still the same—*Vera Incessu patuit Dea;* she yet boasts the enchanting waddle of a *Dutch Venus;* and the modest brow of a *Tower-hill Diana.* Ah! Jack, would you but take a few lessons from my old friend, at the science of *shuffle and cut*, you would not rise so fre-

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quently from the *board of green cloth* as you now do, with pockets in which the Devil might dance a saraband without injuring his shins against their contents.—Why, man, she is a second Breslaw with a pack.—I have known her *deal* four honours nine trumps to herself, three times in the course of one rubber; and not *cut* a higher card to her adversary than a *three*, during the whole evening. Sensible of her talents, and of the impropriety of hiding them in a napkin, she chose Bath, independence, and the profits of her own skill, in preference to a country parsonage, conjugal controul, and limited pin-money. Her *caro sposo* meanwhile wisely retired to his living; and now blesses himself on his escape from *false deals*, *odd tricks*, and every *honour* but the *true* one.

Ram. Why, Tom, thou art as unsparing as an angry Mohawk. Do, for heaven's sake, let me lay this spirit of satire, and bring thee into good humour, by the sight of something that shall unbend thy risible muscles.

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× Sir Jeng Colebrooke

Rat. What! my little self-sufficient acquaintance Sir Gregory Croaker; the intimate friend of *Pshaw Allum* (who, by the bye, used him but *scurvily* in the end), and *perpetual chairman* of all the meetings into which he can thrust himself. And pray who so fit to manage the business of others, as he who took such admirable care of *his own?* I once attended a *poor* committee in the times of scarcity, when this *diffident* little gentleman had, as usual, with infinite *difficulty*, been *prevailed* upon to accept the office of president.—"Order,"—cried he in the voice of a frog afflicted with a cold —"Gentlemen, we are met for the purpose of considering on the means of providing the poor with a sufficient supply of a certain necessary article called bread. Now I believe we must all be convinced that the scarcity of this article arises from a wicked *monopoly* of wheat. But don't be in too much hurry on the occasion. Evils of this nature, as I am convinced by *my own experience*, will cure themselves. All we have to do in the business is to prevail

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with the poor to act on the defensive, and just to *fast* for *one short fortnight*. The monopolist will take fright at the *deadness* of the *market*, which this suspension of consumption will induce. He must pour in his stock, in order to get rid of it. The price will tumble to nothing, and the poor may then fall to, and fill themselves upon their own terms."

Ram. Lower the tone of thy voice, Tom, and soften thyself into sighs and gentleness. Dost thou not see who is approaching us?

Rat. Ah! the queen of love, by all that's enchanting:

"Where'er she turns, the graces homage pay.
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love."

And so they have done, you'll tell me, for these five and thirty years past; for so long has the divine Signora Rattana been the cynosure of Bath circles; the queen of hearts and diamonds; the patroness of solos, duettos, trios, concertos, and full pieces;

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the *rallying point* of singers and fiddlers; fluters and harpers; players upon the trumpet, sackbut, dulcimer, and *all kinds of instruments!* See with what sweet serenity of feature, with what unmoved tranquillity of muscle, she, swan-like, sails along! Ha! ha! ha! You know the cause, Jack, I suppose, of this inflexible steadiness of face? Fore gad, my boy, 'tis compulsory.

> " Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
> Compel" her to preserve this look demure.

A *laugh* would inevitably *crack* the enamel of her face into fifty " chasms, dire, discontinuous;" and the gentle dew of *tears* would *dissolve* (not the hearts of the beholders, but) the various dyes which bespread her countenance; mingle them into the most horrible confusion of tints; and produce a complexion, unmatched by any of the varieties of hues which are to be found in either hemisphere. She was, however, *once* known to shed the precious drops of sorrow, maugre the ruin of her *facial* crust. A fit of the cholic had attacked her lap-

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dog.—"Send for Dr. Faddle instantly," cried the distracted fair one.—"Oh, my dear doctor, I am ruined for ever: behold the sick Fidel!"—"Never distress yourself, my dear madam; a purge and a blister, a bleeding and clyster, will again set all to rights."—"Ah! no, doctor; 'tis too late I fear. Even *your* skill is ineffectual. Behold the suffering angel! See, he struggles, kicks, and—oh, oh, oh!"—Faddle [*aside*]: "Gad, so the nasty little son of a bitch is really gone, I believe.—Here, water; harts-horn; brandy; aqua-fortis!—Look up, I beseech you, my dear madam: be comforted; be composed. I have still consolation in store for you. Believe me, it is not in vain that I have studied the *arcana* of chemistry. Know, by its power, madam, I can convert the departed Fidel into a lump of *spermaceti*—the chandler will manufacture it into *tapers*—and you will thus have the happy opportunity of *light'ning* the gloom of affliction, when ever its *clouds* shall overcast your mind."—Ha! ha! ha! —But do I not see the dear Mrs. Broad-

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bottom coming towards us? She seems in a most tempestuous state; what can possibly have ruffled the customary harmony of her spirits? Rattle

Ram. Oh! she's recounting to Mrs. Tattle an adventure which befel her in my *head quarters* here last week; and converted them into a scene of disorder that equall'd the confusion of Virgil's cave of Æolus, or Milton's realms "of chaos and ancient night."—Lady *Nettle* had secured a seat for herself and her absent friend, which she was carefully preserving by her *petticoat spread* over the vacant corner of the bench. Mrs. *Broadbottom* in the mean while, who had been in all parts of the room fifty times in the course of the evening, tired with the weight of her own charms (for you know she is a *Haerlem beauty*), popped herself suddenly into the reserved seat, in defiance of the *index* of its being pre-engaged. "Madam, I must beg you to rise," said Lady Nettle; "this seat belongs to another lady."—"Madam, it was empty before I occupied it."—"That may be, madam, but

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I am keeping it for my friend, and insist upon your leaving it."—"Madam, I shall not relinquish that which is mine by the law of possession."—"Then curse me, madam, but I'll dislodge you."—So saying, Lady Nettle plucked a *pin* from her waist, and, quick as thought, lodged it, hilt-high, into *that part* of Mrs. Broadbottom which had *most offended*, but which being unprovided with the *organs of vision*, was unable to secure its soft and penetrable surface from the dire attack. The injured lady started up with the agility of a flea; screamed loudly; and fell into a succession of faintings and hysterics: whilst the company having *examined the wound*, and heard the aggression, formed themselves into two different parties of *pinners* and *rumpers*, and like the Guelphs and Ghibelines of old, disputed the cause of their respective heroines with so much noise, acrimony, and violence, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could save my dominions from all the horrors of a *civil war*.

Rat. Ha! ha! ha! I don't know, Jack,

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which of the ladies had most *justice* on her side; but it's manifest that Lady Nettle was the *better logician* of the two; since she had certainly taken the *broadest* ground for her argument; and enforced it by the most *pointed* reasonings. It is not the first dispute, indeed, that has been settled by deductions, *a posteriori*. But pr'ythee, dear Jack, step a little on one side; or you'll be involved in the atmosphere of *Scotch snuff* that always floats around the serene, benign, and sweet-featured countenance of counsellor *Morose*, whom I see just coming in. My last conversation with him, though a short one, had well nigh occasioned my death, from the convulsive sternutation which was produced by the cursed impalpable powder that he throws up his nostrils by spoonfuls.—"*My dear friend*," said I, "I am happy to see you."—"Fair and softly, Mr. Rattle," replied he; "I have been man and boy now for 70 years, and yet I never met with any one who, in my judgment, had a right to address me by *that title*." And I firmly believe he spoke

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the truth; for, from infancy to age, he has been like a porcupine, with a quill pointed in every direction, and ready to be discharged against any one who approached him. His father begot him in a thunder-storm; and his mother produced him during a hurricane. His first articulate words were an execration; and at the age of nine months he deprived his old nurse, by a blow, of her only remaining front tooth. He chose the law as a profession, because it promised him the pleasure of *eternal opposition*; and, after half a century of squabbling, left the bar, because he discovered that he was become *ridiculous*, instead of continuing to be only *irritating*. He is such an admirer of primitive simplicity in *speech* and *appearance*, that he was never yet known to say a *civil* thing to any one; nor to be seen *clean*, even by accident, during the whole course of his life: and he is so earnest for the character of veracity, as never to advance the most simple proposition without confirming it on *oath*.

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Ram. Well said, Tom; a story never loses any thing by your being the relater of it.

Rat. Nay, I protest to you 'tis every tittle true, as *old Hircus*, who is shambling this way, could inform you, would you but consent to the application of *his mouth to your ear* for one short quarter of an hour. All hail! thou honour to the priesthood; sin in canonicals; and letchery at 86!

✗ Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.

Who could suppose that "this lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With hose a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Tun'd once again to childish treble,"

should still be the votary of the *Venus publica*, and as deep in promiscuous intrigue as any rakehell of 25!—Oh! for the cauldron of *Medea*, to plump up his flaccid cheeks; to swell his withered muscles; and give this *Nonogenarian* an excuse for gallantry, and powers for sin.

✗ "Let the Character be preserved to the Last as it set out from the beginning & be consistent with itself."
Is not the Character now pourtray your conduct, be disgraced by inconsistency?

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Barba comæque
Canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem:
Pulsa fugit macies; abeunt pallorque situsque;
Adjectoque cavæ supplentur sanguine venæ;
Membraque luxuriant.—Æson miratur, et olim
Ante quater denos hunc se reminiscitur annos.

But pray, my dear Jack, who is that *portly* lady just stepping out of her chair?

Ram. Oh! the empress of the upper crescent; Madame de Villanois: proud as Lucifer, and vain as a monkey in a scarlet coat. She had nearly excited an insurrection amongst my subjects some time ago, because on *my night* I inadvertently introduced *a London hair-dresser in disguise* to her daughter, as a partner; and suffered her son to dance with a *lady's maid*, who had borrowed for the evening her mistresses's clothes. But I must be at my post to receive her, or she'll kick up another devil of a dust.

Rat. Allons donc. Toll loll de roll loll de roll, loll de roll doll.

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DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

SCENE.

THE LOBBY OF THE GRAND CHAPEL IN BATH.

Enter Dr. Vegetable, and John Snorum his clerk.

Dr. Snorum!

Sno. Your reverence!

Dr. Has Lady Lofty yet been here?

Sno. No, your reverence. I have only seen Fringe the upholsterer, who called in just now with some patterns of Brussels' carpets for the recesses by the altar. The postman also left this letter as he passed.

Dr. Humph! Drawl's hand, I perceive. As usual, I suppose, a request to remit him his half year's salary a month before it's due. Let me see. [*Reads.*]

"*To the Rev. Dr. Vegetable, rector of Fatlands, Somerset; vicar of Pen-crag in the Wolds; and proprietor of the grand chapel in Bath.*

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"Humbly sheweth;

"That your petitioner has been now fifteen years curate of the said parish of Pen-crag; an office which he has served with diligence and fidelity. That during this period he has preached 390 sermons, and as often read prayers; married eleven couples; christened 63 natural, and 14 legitimate children; churched 7 women; and buried 20 corpses. That in the said service he has walked 7090 miles; worn out 30 pair of shoes; 28 pair of yarn hose; and 5 pair of buck-skin breeches; to say nothing of the wear and tear of sundry hats, coats, waistcoats, and shirts. That in recompence of said labours he has received the sum of 80*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* (including his annual stipend of 5 guineas, and 1*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* surplice fees.) That from the commencement of his service as curate to the present time, his family has increased from two to thirteen children; a burthen which he finds himself unable to maintain, notwithstanding he has enjoyed for several years the advantages of three other cu-

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racies as lucrative as that of Pen-crag. That he has gradually been obliged to banish every thing from his table, except oat-cakes, potatoes, and butter-milk; but is concerned to find it is entirely out of his power to provide his family longer with these *comforts*, unless the reverend gentlemen who employ him shall be graciously pleased to make some little advance in his *wages*. That, in consideration of these circumstances, he takes the liberty of humbly craving an addition of *forty shillings* per annum to his stipend, as curate of Pen-crag; for which advance, if his intreaty be complied with, your petitioner will ever consider himself as bound to be grateful.

"SIMON DRAWL."

[*Aside.*] What an impudent extortioner the fellow is. He thinks, I believe, that I am made of money; or pick up gold as I walk the streets. Forty shillings, forsooth! a pretty advance in times like these! however the chap's too useful to me for a trifle to separate us; I must be content

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therefore to *split the difference*. But, Snorum, has Varnish finished the job?

Sno. Yes, your reverence; but he wished to see you before he went. He has a pretty device, which he thinks will give the chapel a gay and cheerful air, fit for its *quality congregation:* to run a border of *carmine* (for this, he says, will *harmonize* with the *ladies complexions*) round the inside of the cupola, and relieve it underneath by a wreath of *myrtle leaves*, done after nature (an allusion, he ordered me to tell you, to the *Venusses below*); or if you dislike this, he recommends a cornice in the Egyptian or Etruscan styles, as he calls them; a sort of ornament now all the go in drawing-rooms and dining-saloons; and which, he says, was very common in *places of worship* also, a great while ago, in countries a great way off.

Dr. A cunning rogue; he's more an eye to the length of his own bill, I believe, than to the gaiety and cheerfulness of my chapel. No, Snorum; these are not times

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for more expence in decoration than the refined taste of my *audience* absolutely compels me to incur. When taxes are so pressing; poor-rates so high; and curates demands so exorbitant; we must have some regard to œconomy in our proceedings. Indeed, I have been thinking, Snorum, that as all places of public amusement have raised their terms of admission, a very fair precedent is before me of adding somewhat to the present *moderate* prices of accommodation *here*. Let me look at one of our *cards of invitation*. Aye; [*Reads.*]

"*Single sittings* at the grand chapel.

Recesses with *fires*.

Year, £3 3 0.—Six months, £2 10 0.—One month, 12s.

All other Recesses.

Year, £2 2 0.—Six months, £1 16 0.—One month, 8s.

Pews.

Year, £1 5 0.—Six months, £1 1 0.—One month, 6s.

A few pews in the gallery.

Year, £1 1 0.—Six months, £0 15 0.—One month, 5s.

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Benches.

Year, £0 5 0. month, £0 1 6.

N. B. The half of all yearly sittings to be paid every six months. Sittings for any shorter period to be paid for at the time of taking them.

N. B. That the *company* may be perfectly *select*, no tradesmen, livery-servants, or poor people, admitted."

Yes; I think I may conscientiously follow the example of the managers of the New Theatre, and lift up my prices a little: and as my very loyal audience cannot possibly object to any hint adopted from government, we will e'en clap *ten per cent.* upon our present prices, and alter our cards accordingly. But, heark'e! that's Lady Lofty's knock; open the door immediately, and shew her into the chapel.

Enter Lady Lofty.*

Lady L. Your servant, Dr. Vegetable.

Dr. Madam, I am your Ladyship's most obsequious, obedient, and very humble

* This character represents a *species*, rather than an *individual.*

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servant. I have been anxiously expecting your Ladyship's arrival for the last half hour, that I might submit to the refined taste of your Ladyship, before I opened my chapel to the public gaze, some little alterations already adopted; as well as intreat your Ladyship's valuable opinion on a few further ornaments and additions. Your Ladyship will perceive that a much more *becoming light* than heretofore is now thrown into the chapel, which we may call (if you will allow the *pun*) the *new light*; he, he, he!—that the *softened* hues of the coloured parts are now more *favorable* to the *female* face; that the *carpets* are of the best Brussels' manufacture; the *sophas* stuffed with eider-down; and the *fire-places* so contrived as to preclude all noise or interruption to the preacher, how often soever they may be stirred during the service.

Lady L. Why, truly, doctor, I must candidly acknowledge that I am acquainted with no place of worship which is so well calculated for *genteel* people to say

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their prayers in as your chapel. Here is every contrivance for warmth, ease, and repose; and the company is select, well-bred, and well-dressed. In general, too, the mode of performing the service is graceful, agreeable, and judicious. No violence; no scolding; no terrifying stories about hell and the devil, as one meets with in vulgar parish churches; but a gentlemanly softness in manner, and a tender respect for polite ears in language, highly becoming your situation as proprietor of a *fashionable chapel.* I must, however, take the liberty of informing you there have been some *exceptions* to the usual tenor of your performing the functions of your office here. More than once have my ears been shocked by harsh animadversions on certain *trifling irregularities* in high life; and by unfounded censures levelled at the haughtiness of the *great.* For my own part, I never could see any great harm in the *faux pas* of a fashionable husband, or wife, who are never even suspected of having a grain of attachment for each other;

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nor perceive that *people* of *rank* were more proud than the *filthy canâille.*

Dr. I am inexpressibly sorry to have incurred your Ladyship's disapprobation even in the slightest degree; and would rather have been dumb for ever, than wittingly utter any sentiment that could give your Ladyship the least offence. Cards and routes; plays and balls; and all the innocent amusements of the gay world, which ill-bred fanatics denounce with so much harshness, your Ladyship knows I carefully abstain from the mention of.— If, therefore, I have been guilty of such a breach of *good manners* as your Ladyship alludes to, it must have been purely accidental; since these are topics which I hold to be totally unfit for pulpit animadversion. Your Ladyship cannot possibly doubt my devotion to those elegant visiters who do me the honor to be my hearers; or my earnest desire to give them every satisfaction in my power. Your Ladyship knows I have even more than once offered to have my chapel *consecrated,* but your

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Ladyship and others thought it would savour too much of *vulgar superstition.* Your Ladyship also——

Lady L. Pardon me, Doctor; I give you ample credit for the very best intentions to please us; but, at the same time, lament that your *judgment* does not always second your wishes. What but an entire absence of that faculty can account for your having neglected the rules of *precedence* in the ordinance of last Sunday morning, and attended to Lady Carmine before me, who am her *superior in rank.*

Dr. Again I have to beg your Ladyship ten thousand pardons. Till this moment I really thought that Lady Carmine's name preceded that of your Ladyship's in the court calendar. Your Ladyship must know that I am exceedingly particular in this respect also. On that very morning I had passed by four commoners, to give that preference to your Ladyship which is so justly your due: and you may also recollect, that antecedently to adopting my regulations for excluding the *candille,*

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when an insolent tradesman was approaching the table before your Ladyship, I put him back, saying; "Stand on one side, fellow, and let your *betters* be first served."

Lady L. [*simpering.*] Yes, Doctor, I well recollect that instance of your *good breeding;* and request what I have now said to you may rather be considered as a *hint* than a *reproof.* As such I trust you will take it, and beg leave to wish you a good day.

Dr. Your Ladyship is all goodness. I am penetrated with the sincerest gratitude; and shall always consider myself as your Ladyship's most obsequious, obliged, and very humble servant.

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DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

SCENE.

AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

Enter Dr. Borecat, to Mr. Mixum.

Mixum. (*Pounding in a mortar and singing*)

Here I go up, up, up,
Here I go down, down, downy;
Here I go backwards and forwards,
And here I go round, round, roundy.

Borecat. Adad, Mr. Mixum, I am happy to catch you at home; I was exceedingly anxious to see you.

Mixum. Why, you are somewhat fortunate in that respect, my dear Doctor. I am seldom to be found compounding in the shop. I have done with *that* branch of the *profession* for some years, and am, like yourself, *a visiting medical gentleman*, though without a *formal permission* from

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the college of Aberdeen. Still, however, I *put my hand* to any thing, as occasion may require; and the present *delightful weather* has so filled us with business, that all our apprentices and journeymen are at this moment running over the town in every direction, loaded with emulsions; fever-draughts; electuaries; drastics, &c. &c. &c.; so that there is no one but myself to make up a prescription of my young Tipperary friend's, Dr. Sourcrout, for his *solitary* patient Lady Choleric, who has just ruptured a blood vessel in giving her daily scolding to her Abigail. But what a *blessed season* is this, my dear boy! A beautiful *Scotch mist* for twenty-eight days' successively; with the wind at the east, and blowing like the devil. Nothing to be heard but sneezing and wheezing; coughing, hawking, and spitting; nor any thing to be seen but swelled jaws, running noses, and blood-shot eyes. I can't go out of doors but I've the pleasure of hearing every body complaining; and finding that catarrhs and rheumatisms are multiplying

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as quickly as maggots in a lump of putrid flesh. I'm sure if we *men of business* had time to *say our prayers*, we ought to fall down on our knees and thank Providence for his particular interposition, as it should seem, in *our* favour. Why, 'tis as productive as if he had sent us the genuine Philadelphian fever; or given us the advantage, for a month, of the sirocco, samiel, or harmattan. Good luck to an easterly wind, say I. [*Pounding and singing*] "Here I go up, up, up; here I go down, down, downy."—I feel myself in such *high spirits* when every body's *nerves* are out of order, and all my friends devoured by the *blue devils*, that I scarcely know what I am about. But pray, my dear Doctor, how can I serve you? You appear to me to be under some agitation. Pray—

Borecat. *Agitation*, Mr. Mixum! I believe I am, indeed, and with very good reason, I think.—Adad, sir, for what I know you may have killed a patient of mine; and I stand a good chance, not only of losing all *my business* (however that's a

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trifle), but of being hanged for a *murder* of *your* committing.

Mixum. Do, my dear Doctor, be cool, and explain to me more particularly the cause of your discomposure; for I protest, as yet, I know not what you mean.

Borecat. Mean, sir! why I mean that you have made up a dose of my prescribing with *ten* times as much laudanum in it as I had ordered, and thereby thrown an old lady into so *deep* a *slumber*, as I thought would never have been disturbed till the sounding of the last trump.

Mixum. Oh! is that all, my dear Doctor? Never disturb yourself about such a *trifle*. These *mistakes* frequently happen in the *hurry* of business; but no harm ensues. The patient tips off, and nobody is ever the wiser about the cause of his exit. Besides, had the old lady slept her last, there would have been no great reason for your distressing yourself on the occasion. It was high time for her to go, I presume; and she could not have had a more *composed* departure. Recollect, also, you might have

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made her exit turn to some account; for Shroud, the undertaker, would have gladly tipped you a five pound note for your *recommendation* to the *job*. Why, Doctor, our *furnishers* of *funerals* at Bath bribe as high for the possession of a dead carcase, as a candidate does for a vote in a contested borough.

Borecat. A truce with your jokes, sir, if you please, for a moment. Such cases as these may be *common* for what I know, Mr. Mixum: but as *my* practice is not very *extensive*, they do not occur sufficiently often to *me*, to prevent my surprise and disturbance on the present occasion. Besides, the rank and fashion of the patient made the accident a matter of the highest importance.—Why, she's as well known as the obelisk in Queen's-square; and her death would have broken up one of the most *regular* and *elegant card-assemblies* in all Bath. You know Lady Orange, I suppose?

Mixum. Aye, to be sure I do: "not to know her would argue myself unknown."

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I remember her many years ago, when she came hither to console herself on the loss of her *first husband* with Bath-waters and *cassino*. She'd a good house and a thumping jointure, and was soon assaulted by a host of those *generous* Irish gentlemen, who are always willing to befriend a solitary widow with a heavy dower. *Sir Clerical Orange* heard of the persecution, and offered to be her *champion*. The lady assented to his proposal, and followed him to the altar. Nor was the world surprised at his volunteering such a service. Every body knew he had *weighty* reasons for the step. Sir Clerical had always been a devoted admirer of *antiques;* and his present ancient gem was *set in gold*.

Borecat. You are very amusing, Mr. Mixum; but I must beg you to be serious for a few moments whilst I relate the particulars of this unfortunate business. I was brushing through a street in the upper town the night before last, when a livery servant bolted out of a house, and running smack against me, almost knocked me

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down. "Bless me, sir," said he, "I beg your pardon; but I was sent out on a sudden to look for a *Doctor*."—"No apologies, my friend," replied I; "*here is one* at your service."—"Oh, sir," continued he, "my mistress is, I verily believe, *kicking the bucket*. She was seized with a fit whilst disputing about an *odd trick*; fell back in her chair; and has never spoken since. I've been out for Dr. Turbot, but he's laid up with the gout; Dr. Fœtus, her other physician, is attending a labour; and Mr. Gripes, the apothecary, can't be found. Do sir, for heaven's sake, step in."—In I went accordingly, but never so frightened in all my life!—Eleven card-tables; and the room stuffed with fine people.—"Alas,' cried one, "I fear she's dead:—pray, my Lord, was not the last a *single game?*"—"Oh, heavens," exclaimed another, "our dear friend is certainly gone:—your Ladyship won't forget that you *renounced hearts*."—Up marched I to the patient, with a palpitating heart. She was black in the face as my hat; foaming at the

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mouth like a cask of new beer; hands so clenched that I could hardly get the cards out of them; and, in short, as pretty a specimen of apoplexy as one would wish to see.

Mixum. Zounds, Doctor, my mouth quite waters at the description! what a lucky dog to have such a charming case drop so accidentally into your hands. How good Providence is!

Mixum. Well, sir, you shall hear. After an hour of *hard work*, rubbing, scrubbing, bleeding, purging, blistering, and sweating, I brought the patient completely to herself, and left her to *repose;* writing first the prescription you made up, as a sedative, and receiving for my trouble the *noble fee* of one pound one.—Precisely at 12 next day, called again upon my patient.—"Well, Sir Clerical, has your lady slept comfortably?" "Yes, Doctor," replied he, with a stifled laugh (for I fancy he thought it was her *last* slumber), "very soundly; and I hope she'll continue so to do, for it seems to be of infinite service to her. She has not waked

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since you left her."—My heart leaped into my throat at this intelligence, and it immediately occurred to me that the laudanum *had dished her.* A glance at the old lady confirmed my suspicion; however to *work* I went again: and in spite of Sir Clerical's repeated objections to *my disturbing her repose,* after another *hour's labour,* I made her open her eyes, and again gave her the use of her tongue. She rattled away *gibberish* for a few minutes; but soon becoming more composed, I had an opportunity of examining the remainder of the dose she had taken (for I confess I was surprised at the serious effects it had produced); when, putting it to my tongue, I found that instead of *eighteen* drops, the quantity prescribed, you had put into the phial, at least, *half an ounce of laudanum!*

Mixum. Eighteen drops, Doctor, why, d--n it, your prescription ordered *eighty.* Oh! here it is, *Guttæ octoginta.*

Borecat. Well, sir, and what's the English for *octoginta? Eighteen,* is it not?

Mixum. Eighteen, indeed! I thank hea-

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ven I have not been so many years conversant with *medical Latin* as not to know the meaning of a prescription, either when it's written *in words at length*, or in those *convenient abbreviations* which the profession have invented to cover their ignorance of syntax. There, sir, look at the Dictionary; you see *octoginta* is *eighty*, and *octodecim eighteen*.

Borecat. Upon my word, Mr. Mixum, I heartily beg your pardon for laying that blame at your door which I ought to have taken to myself. To be sincere with you, my good sir, I am indeed somewhat deficient in that most *essential* branch of my profession, the faculty of *writing prescriptions in Latin;* and have more than once lamented that my father, when he was bringing me up, had not added a few more pounds to the expence of my education, to give me a smattering of the *dead languages*.

Mixum. The dead languages, indeed! how absurdly you talk. Why, Doctor, they are of no more use to a medical man

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at Bath, than the *drugs* in our shop are to the patients (God help them!) for whom they are *prescribed;* nay, I believe, in general, that, *like them*, they do more *harm* than *good.* Do you think, Doctor, that the ladies care a pin more for a physician who knows the *dead languages*, than for one who can't construe a prescription which he has written. No, no; they want something more *lively*, *brisk*, and *smirking* than a bookworm. There's my worthy neighbour Dr. Vellum; look at him for an example of what I say. If his stiff honesty had permitted him to study *hum-bug* as much as he has pored over those d--d old-fashioned languages; to read the *weak side* of mankind, as attentively as he has read the musty volumes of the ancients; and to learn to *chatter small-talk* as fast as he can pour out Latin and Greek, I should not have had it to say, that our little shop *books* more in one week, than he, with all his scholarship, gets in a month.

Borecat. Well, Mr. Mixum, but a *little* learning—

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Mixum. I tell you, Doctor, that learning, whether little or much, is both a dangerous and an useless thing in our profession. 'Tis a Will-o-the-Whisp that leads medical men astray. We have had learned physicians who, in their love for a parcel of old fools of antiquity, have asserted "there were only two intestines, the *colon* and the *aichos;* who believed that the moderns had lengthened the channel of their guts by gluttony, and diminished their livers by hard-drinking; that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide; and that the *circulation* of that *fluid* was but comparatively a *modern* thing. There's Dr. Harmony, too, as good a creature as ever breathed; a poet and a man of taste; and as full as a tick of the dead languages, as you call them. I heard him say the other day (and laughed in my sleeve at the time), that he was of the *old school*, and did not think the worse of any one of his brethren for his being able to read *Hip-pock-rates* (an old Greek author, Doctor, who wrote on *nervous* disorders, and

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another complaint), in the original. Lord help thy poor head, thought I, if thou didst but know that *our shop* clears £4000 per annum, without the assistance of a single letter from the Greek alphabet, thou wouldst not long hold those cursed cramp hieroglyphics in such high estimation as thou now dost.

Borecat. But the danger of *mistakes* like the present, Mr. Mixum—

Mixum. Oh! that's easily prevented. Come to me for an hour to-morrow morning, and I'll engage to give you as much *professional Latin* as may serve your turn for any case that shall occur to you. I myself learned all that I possess in *two lessons*, from the clerk of the parish. About three dozen words will do the business; and by ringing *proper changes* upon these, you will easily contrive to make as good a shew in *prescribing*, as Montagne the Frenchman would have done, who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word in his mother tongue till he could converse in the lan-

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guage of ancient Rome. Greek and Latin, forsooth, necessary for a Bath physician! Ha, ha, ha! you have brought strange notions with you from the country, my friend.

Borecat. I protest, Mr. Mixum, your account is very encouraging; and operates upon *my spirits* like a *nervous cordial.* I assure you they had fallen to a very low ebb of late. A thousand times have I cursed that foolish ambition which induced me to leave my pretty business in the country; go to the expence of £15 for an Aberdeen diploma; and settle at Bath as a physician. You'll hardly believe I should be so mad as to quit a practice that cleared me above £200 *per annum* (all lying within a circumference of sixty miles too), and come here upon speculation. Yes, Mr. Mixum; I do assure you I had been establised for 12 years in one of the best spots in the hundreds of Essex for quartan agues and putrid fevers; had all the business of the *squire's family*, and the run of the *steward's table* at *Lord Ghastly's;* with no rival within 15 miles of me; no surgeon

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but the village-farrier; no dispenser of medicine but his lordship's housekeeper; and not a soul in the neighbourhood that could tell the difference between damaged and genuine drugs. When I have reflected upon this advantageous situation, and compared it with my present one;—"*chance half-guinea* fees, and *half* my time no fees at all; the sneers of my *more fortunate brethren;* and the jealousy of those who are upon the *same lay* with myself;"—I have more than once resolved to put my parchment in the fire; quit my present character and abode; and go back to my old sign of the pestle and mortar in the village of Rattleguts.

Mixum. Pho, pho! man; never despair! Only look round you, and see how many of your *more fortunate brethren* as you call them, who started here with no better prospects before them than yours, are now making fortunes, and rolling about in their carriages. Have a little patience, Doctor, and you must succeed. Remember you have to play upon the *fears* and the *follies*

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of mankind; and with such *instruments* before you, if you don't contrive to bring out the *notes*, you must be a sorry artist indeed. Rome, as they say, was not built in a day; nor can a medical man, particularly in a place which swarms as thickly with the profession as a field of battle does with vultures, hope to leap into full practice in the course of a week. Just take *me* as an example of what may be done by managing matters judiciously. My father was a parish clerk in Glamorganshire, and would fain have brought me up to the trade of *sol fa;* whilst my uncle, the excise-man, wished to qualify me for the same respectable office *under government* with his own. But I had *higher views* than both. Well; they sent me to school, and the master was ordered to teach me Latin. With all his flogging, however, I got no further than my A*** *in præsento;* and tired at length of study and hard knocks, I ran away one morning, and came to Bath. Determining to become a *professional man*, I hired myself to an apothe-

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cary, to brush shoes, clean knives, water the shop, and run on errands. After a time, I was promoted to the *counter;* and by degrees, as my knowledge of *pharmacy* increased, was intrusted with a little of the business; spread plasters; bled servants and country people; and made up medicines for vulgar customers. Some years having elapsed in these subordinate occupations, my master, satisfied with my skill and diligence, took me into partnership. I now dressed graver, and talked more sedately than before; visited *quality* patients; and soon became a favourite with the *ladies.*

Borecat. And pray, my dear sir, how did you compass that most *difficult* matter?

Mixum. Difficult, forsooth! Nothing so easy, Doctor: gently *squeezed* their *hands* when I felt their pulse—found out their *wishes,* and prescribed accordingly—silent as death about their *secrets*—always agreed in *opinion* with them—picked up all the *news* I could rake together, and, if a *dearth* of it, made a little *myself* for their enter-

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tainment—carefully inspected the *night-tables*, and gravely examined the *urinals* before I changed a medicine—where they had *no* disease, found out *symptoms* for them—*pitied* their sufferings when they had never an *ache*—and admired their *patience*, though they were as *crabbed* as the devil. Then I took care also to establish a good *London connection*.

Borecat. A *good London connection*, Mr. Mixum, what may that be?

Mixum. Why, sir, 'tis a thing as necessary for you as your diploma.—A *London connection* is half the battle for a Bath medical knight-errant. It is the good will and interest of some famous town practitioner, who, when he thinks it necessary to amuse his patients by a little change of place and system, orders them to Bath, and recommends them to Dr. So-and-so, as the most able physician *out of London;* and to Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, as the best possible substitute for their own *confidential apothecary*.—We accordingly take them in hand; levy our tribute upon them; and then *pass*

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them on to our friends at the different watering-places. Some caution, however, is necessary in carrying on our operations, lest a *rat should be smelt*, and the *gudgeon escape:* as was the case with the late Dr. Fleecem here. Sir Timothy Humbug, a practitioner of note in London, had recommended to this gentleman, in the way of trade, an old female patient of his, with a chronic complaint upon her, which had netted to Sir Timothy an annuity of £150 for several years. Willing to give a *turn to her thoughts*, as she began to wonder that she did not mend under his hands, he advised her to try the Bath waters, and gave her a letter of introduction to his friend Dr. Fleecem. The doctor read the epistle, and put it in his pocket; felt the patient's pulse; asked the proper questions; in short proceeded *second-hum artem*, as we say; took his *fee*, and then his *leave*.—But, unfortunately, in pulling out his handkerchief at the door, the letter fell upon the floor, unperceived by the doctor; which the old lady, after he was gone, took up,

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and, with the natural curiosity of one of Eve's daughters, eagerly perused. It was couched in these words.

"*Dear Doctor.*

"*I send you herewith an old fat goose, whom I have long been in the habit of plucking: one wing I reserve for myself; the other is at the service of my friends.*

"*Yours truly,*

"*Tim. Humbug.*"

On the following morning Fleecem, with all proper professional attention, called upon his patient; and was going mechanically to apply his finger to her pulse, when she "thanked him for his kind intention to strip her of her *remaining feathers;* but observed, that though she might possibly be an *old goose*, she was not so far advanced in her *dotage* as to suffer such *harpies* as Sir Timothy and himself to *prey* longer on her *unfortunate carcase.*" Ha, ha, ha! —But to be serious, Doctor. Just take the hints I have given you: don't be disheartened by a little temporary ill-success;

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keep the field; and my word for it, in time, you'll conquer.

Borecat. My dear Mr. Mixum, I am bound ever to pray for you.—You have opened a new world to me.—D--n the village of Rattleguts; the squire's family; and the steward's table at Lord Ghastly's. I feel myself a new man; and will not quit Bath whilst one of his majesty's subjects remains alive in the place. Good morning to you, my dear sir!

Mixum. [*Pounding.*] Bravo, my little Galen. Heaven grant you all success; and may your commission to burn, sink, and destroy, be crowned with the triumph of a Copenhagen expedition.

"Here I go up, up, up,
Here I go down, down, downy,
Here I go backwards and forwards,
And here I go round, round, roundy."

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DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.

SCENE.

A DINING-ROOM.

Parson Bow-wow, and Mr. Resin, sitting at a table, with bottles and glasses

Bow-wow. Come, Resin, drink your glass. d--n me if ever I was *tête-à-tête* with such a milksop before.

Resin. Pon my vord, Mr. Bow-wow, I cannot keep up vid you. You ave de *hardest* head I ever met vid.

Bow-wow. Aye, Resin; and isn't that better than a *thick* one, like most of my brethren. Have it by inheritance, my boy; by birth, parentage, and education; nor ever omitted an opportunity of improving and strengthening so valuable a possession. The Jews'-harp public-house in Swansea,

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has been in our family for 150 years; and descended regularly from father to son, through nine generations. I first saw the light in a small room behind the bar; and was not only early accustomed to the *smell* of ale, but long before they weaned me had acquired a *taste* for it also. As servitor of Jesus college, I lost none of my relish for the *tap;* and improved mightily in my faculty of guzzling. A minor-canon-ship kept me tightly to the practice of wetting my whistle; though it obliged me to change my beverage, and booze a more *gentlemanly* liquor than that to which I had hitherto been accustomed. At length I was transplanted to Bath, where, as *factotum* to the Glee-club, I have ever since enjoyed the best opportunities of making myself a complete proficient in the *Ars bibendi.*

Resin. Pray, Mr. Bow-wow, vat may *factotum* be.

Bow-wow. Factotum, Resin; why its—its—its a *factotum*—d--n the word, I hardly

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know how to define it. It's a sort of sub-secretary; sub-treasurer; sub-president; sub-every thing. In short, the *factotum* is to do *all things;* upon *all occasions;* in *all manners;* and at *all times;* according to the directions of the committee. As *factotum* to the club, I drive bargains with performers, vocal and instrumental; lay in music; keep the piano-forte in tune; sketch out the bill of fare for the *ladies' entertainments;* and a thousand other little necessary jobs. As *factotum*, I conducted an action in the King's Bench, on behalf of the society, against a band of refractory singers, who acting in *concert*, all *struck* on one night, and would not give us a single *stave* for our money. The law, however, whose object you know is *general harmony*, adjudged they should either *sing* or *pay;* a verdict which put them so cursedly *out of tune*, as obliged 'em to settle it by Abraham Newland's *notes* instead of *their own.* But come, Resin, I'll give you a *toast* that you can't refuse. 'Twill awaken *all that's man*

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in you. Here's your favorite, Signora Rattana. Ha! you sly dog, you; a very snug thing of it you have there! [*Drinks.*]

Resin. Pon my vord, Mr. Bow-wow, I'll drink de lady vid all my heart; for I have varm regard for her. Aye, you may look cunning if you please, but, pon my onor, our friendship is only *Platonique.* Any ting else vould *be quite out of my vay.* Our *taste* ver similar; our *pleasures* de same. She charmed vid my *exqueseet touch*—I admire her *delightful notes.*—She amused vid *my instrument*—I vid de sound of *her guineas;* and so both ver well satisfied. But, Mr. Bow-wow, you gentlemen of de *black,* did not use my friend vid de *politesse* due to a lady, yen you abuse her *litel Sunday concert,* and oblige her to confine her music, like de canâille, to *week* days.

Bow-wow. I abuse her Sunday-concerts! That's a good one.—Why, man, 'twould be "the pots' calling the kettle—." You know, Resin, that I very frequently have them *myself.*—'Tis not likely, therefore, that *I*

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should have joined in a puritanical cry against your friend on this account.

Resin. Ver true, Mr. Bow-wow; I ave often heard dat your litel Sunday evening parties are ver *agreable;* and ave vondered, at de same time, you vould venture to give dem. Indeed, I ave sometime thought you vould make offence to de higher powers by being so *genteel* in *dis* and other respects; and ave your *apointement* take avay. Ve shoud be ver sorry to lose so good a feedel.

Bow-wow. [*Drinks.*] Ha, ha, ha! No fear of that, my dear fellow. *Licensed.* Firm as a rock—Can't be displaced. His lordship, too, a good kind of man; brought up *at court;* and knows how to be *civil* to every body. Besides, he's passionately fond of *music;* and makes great allowances for *good spirits.* Talk of my liberties, indeed! what are they to the rigs and pranks of other *gemmen* of the *cloth?* Why, there's Mr. *Chip,* who lives in a neighbouring village, a brother fiddle, as well as brother parson; he beats me hollow in *tricks* and

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gallantries. Two strings to his *bow*, my boy; *two mistresses* in his house at the same time; *children* by *both*; and his *wife* turned out of doors; and yet, Resin, he is still permitted to *instruct* his parishioners by his *exhortations*, and *improve* them by his *example*. I think, Resin, [*hiccups*] I think it's about two years ago, coming from the club early one morning, a little *in for it*, [*hiccups*] I ran foul of some of the d--n'd rascals, who had refused to sing to us the week before. My blood was up; I rowed them well; and they, in return, jawed me. At last to it we went; I got a couple of black eyes, and beat one of them to a jelly. Well, they complained to his lordship; but I had been beforehand with them, and already told him *my own* story; so that all the answer they got, was; "That Mr. Bow-wow could not be thought to blame in the business.—In endeavouring to reduce them to order, he was only *labouring in his vocation*, as *factotum* of the Glee-club; and that they deserved all that had happened to them for being abroad

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at such an *unseasonable* hour, when only *gentlemen* had a right to be up."

Resin. But, indeed, my dear Mr. Bow-wow, you must make von litel alteration in your vay of going on; or all your other good qualitie vil not be able to save you, for de old ladies complain you *gallop* so fast, dat vid de assistance of deir best spectacle, dey cannot keep up vid you.

Bow-wow. [*Drinks.*] Why, I believe I do tip 'em the *go-by* now and then; for I can't bear to *muz* and *humdrum*, like some of my brethren. No; twenty five minutes for the services, and eleven for the sermon, including prayer, text, and blessing, is an ample allowance. Indeed, I once went through the whole (for a bet of a bottle of port) in *half an hour* to a second; and have ever since been known by the name of parson Jehu.—But it was too much for my *wind*—it quite *blew* me. No, no, Resin, I'm not like *Dick Sable*, of the lower town, who thinks people can never be *tired* of his prate; and roars treason to his congregation till he has almost cracked *their*

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ears and his *own* lungs: nor do I follow the example of your chapellers, who cant cursed nonsense by the hour-glass, and pray till their candles are burnt into the nozzles of their sockets. Not I, indeed, I know the value of my own time, and that of my hearers, better than this comes to. But, d--n it, I think we grow dull, Resin. I'll give you a song to cheer our spirits, my boy. 'Tis a little lyric of *my own composing*, and intended to be sung on the last *ladies' night*. The stewards indeed refused it, because it was *too free*, forsooth, for the women. I laughed at their objection, and *began it in the room;* the milk-sops, however, cried it down, and the girls lost their amusement. I'll be sworn it would have made ten times more *fun* than the namby-pamby lines of *Billy Sonnet* (the *poet-laureat* of the club), which he *fitted up* for the occasion. He had found in the trash of Taylor the *water* poet, (for he has a rare *spirit of discovery* about him when he's in search of any thing to *adopt as his*

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own: and, like the immortal Cibber, his antitype in office, genius, and manners,

> "He here can sip, and there can plunder snug,
> And suck all o'er like an industrious bug;")

I say, Resin, he'd found in honest Taylor a few stanzas which he thought might be *cut down* into an appropriate ode. But he so much *diluted* the poor bard's verses with lopping, and tacking, and furbishing, and modernizing, that before it was half sung the greatest part of the women were sound asleep. If *my* song had been given 'em this wouldn't have been the case. But you shall hear it. [*Drinks and sings.*]

> "Amo, amas, I loved a lass,
> As a cedar tall and slender;
> Amas, amat, and all that"—

Cætera desunt; not being *decent.*

Resin. Ver funny, pon my onor; but I am ver sorry I must now leave your agreable company, and bid you farewel.

Bow-wow. D--n it, Resin, fi-fi-finish the bottle [*Hiccups.*]

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Resin. Pon my onor, no. Signora Rattana expect me to make von at *her litel circle* dis evening; and if I drink more of your vine, I am sure I shall not be able to *perform.*

Bow-wow. But, zounds, man, le-e-et me light you out. I want to star-g-a-a-aze a little. [*Hiccups.*]

Resin walks off;

"Whilst Bow-wow, fall'n beside his neighbour's sink,
Seems to mere mortals but *a priest in drink.*"

DUNCIAD.

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DIALOGUE THE FIFTH.

SCENE.

THE PUMP-ROOM.

Enter Mr. Drawcansir, and Doctor Skipper.

Drawcansir. "Hast thou found me, oh, my enemy?"

Skipper. "Yes; I have found thee;" and don't mean to part with you till I've made you acquainted with a little of my mind. Nay, don't look big, Mr. Pompous; a *frog* is not a whit the more formidable because he's *swelled.*

Draw. Sir, you're *beneath* my notice.

Skip. Why, truly, Mr. Swaggerer, I am not so *high* by six inches as your reverence; nor do I *carry* my *head* as if I intended *to brush away the stars* with it. But the old proverb says, "a cat may look at a king;" and, if so, I don't see any great harm in an

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honest man holding a little confab with a *priest.*—So, you've been at us again, I see. *Charge* after charge: shot upon shot; can't let the *blue aproned* men alone, it seems. But, *habent sua fata libelli;* your labours will find in due time their proper MEED (nay, dont' *start* at the word, sir!); be condemned to cover the bottoms of patty-pans; or reserved for more *necessary* purposes and *posterior* honors.

Draw. Sir, *you're cracked,* and not qualified for rational converse.

Skip. So much the better, Mr. Puff; for "*cracks let in light, you know;*" a light that has enabled me to detect the *false directions* of your "*Guide;*" the perverted evidence of your *trial;* and the appropriate *odium theologicum* that seasons your *vindiciæ.* —A *light,* by which I have discovered errors, mistakes, and misrepresentations in your works, as thick as *mites* in a *rotten cheese:* wherein Bishop Cleaver is represented as maintaining the *non*-calvinism of Nowell's catechism, although that prelate has distinctly admitted it to be *Calvinistic;*

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wherein, by the reiterated omission of an emphatic NOT, in an extract from the Homilies, you attribute to our reformers sentiments *directly the reverse* of what they entertained; wherein you refer to *Strype* as your authority for asserting that *Bradford's* treatise on *election* did *not* obtain the sanction of *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, and *Latimer*, although *Strype* affirms that it *did* obtain their appobation; wherein you quote the same author, to prove that our reformers did *not* employ *Calvin* as their counsel, although that annalist distinctly states that *Cranmer did* apply to *Calvin* for counsel; wherein you adduce the preface to Archbishop Parker's Bible, as furnishing decisive evidence of the *designed exclusion* of *Calvin* from the church, although the *notes* to that Bible, as well as the catechism inserted in it, are in the *highest degree Calvinistic*, and wherein, in opposition to *existing testimony*, you contend that King James, and the English delegates to the Synod of *Dort*, preferred the sentiments of *Arminius* to those of *Calvin*. What

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can you say to *these* misrepresentations, Mr. Pompous? or how can you defend your *popish* principle of *exclusive salvation?* A pretty joke, indeed! to confine the character of the only *sound* church, to the worm-eaten fabrick of the establishment; and shut the doors of Heaven against all those who have not a *bishop*, as master of the ceremonies to introduce them there.

Draw. It is not worth my while to answer you, sir; you are no *theologian.*

Skip. What! have I lived to this age to be told that I am no theologian? By one, too, who has "scarcely saluted the thresh-hold of divinity?" Surely, after such a daring assertion, I may say of thee with the prophet, that, "thy *neck* is *iron*, and thy *brow* is *brass.*"—Why, man, I was circumnavigating the stormy ocean of polemical divinity long before your "mother's milk was moist upon your lip."—For more than half a century, have almost all my waking hours been devoted to *controversial theology.* Many a time, and oft, have "I outwatched the Bear," in untwisting a knotty point

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of Biblical disputation; or conquering the intricacies of a scholastic divine; and, "ere the lark had tuned her matin song," might I, for months together, have been seen, half-buried amongst the moth-eaten records of ecclesiastical history. The elaborate works of the christian fathers, from the epistles of *Barnabas*, to the five ponderous tomes of *John de Lyra*, are as familiar to me as my horn-book. The constitutions of the eastern and western churches are at my finger's ends. I have by heart the acts of every œcumenical council; the decrees of every provincial synod; and the resolutions of every general assembly, from the orthodox council of *Nice* in the time of *Constantine*, to the heterodox assembly of divines in the reign of Charles the first.

Draw. Well, sir, and, after all, what has this to do with the *quinquarticular controversy*, the grand pillar of my reputation?

Skip. The *quinquarticular controversy!* why man, this is my *strongest point*. *Here*, I believe, I may challenge any man into the field of battle. *Six* times have I read

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over the whole history of the reformation; its beginnings, its progress, and its consequences; nicely analyzed the differences of opinion amongst the different denominations of the reformed; the differences of the Lutherans and the Calvinists from one another; and the differences of the various subdivisions of the Lutherans, and the various subdivisions of the Calvinists amongst themselves. For four long years did I study the controversial writings of *Luther*, on the one side, and *Erasmus*, on the other, on the subjects of original sin, free will, and sovereign grace. Twice have I transcribed the confessions of faith of the different reformed churches; and made quires of extracts from the excellent discussions of the learned and enlightened *Melancthon*. Not a page of the two great metaphysical fathers, *St. Austin* of the Latin, and *John Damascenus* of the Greek, church, has escaped my diligent investigation; and that I might make myself complete master of the question, and thoroughly understand the subject, I have read over and over

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again, whatever the sages of the *Academy*, and the *Porch*, have written on the order of the divine decrees, and of the το πρωτον and the το εσχατον, the first, and the last, in the energies of the divine mind. To these *exemplaria Græca* did I dedicate, for six successive years, the light of the day, and the silence of the night, in exact obedience to the rule prescribed by one of the first masters of study that ever existed; *nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ.*

Draw. All this may be true, sir, but still it is below my dignity to hold conversation with you, for you cannot deny that you are an *heretic* and an *apostate.*

Skip. An *heretic*, quotha! That is as much as to say, because I don't look through *your spectacles*, I can't *see at all.* You have not lived to these years, I suppose, without knowing what the difference is between *orthodoxy* and *heterodoxy;* that the one is *my own doxy*, and the latter, *another man's doxy.* So much for *heresy:*— and, with respect to *apostacy*, was I to blame, think you, for quitting a company of which I had been *long ashamed?*—Could

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I have remained in such *society* with a quiet conscience, depend upon it I should have known my own interest better than to have left it. But I was too honest to be *paid* for the performance of duties which I *hired* another person to fulfil; and to preach doctrines which were contrary to the *articles* of *the church*. No, no, I'm not like one of your own fraternity, who is well known to entertain the same sentiments with myself, and yet continues to make one of the herd which he continually abuses. However, nothing better could be expected from the *tender* conscience of *Doctor Vineyards*, who, entrusted to hold the *living* of his *friend* (and that, too, his only property) for the use of his *son*, when the youth came of age to receive it, was suddenly seized with such qualms against the commission of a simoniacal act, as compelled him, *unwillingly*, to keep the preferment for *himself*. The world, indeed, which did not sympathize with the *delicate feelings*, nor understand the nice scruples of the holy Doctor, would probably have

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sent him to Coventry for this sacrifice to his *conscience*, had not his patroness given £1000, *hush-money*, to the disappointed party; for the Doctor was too valuable a preacher to be silenced; a *great theologian*, like some other people; with lungs as tough and durable as your own;

Ανηρ Αιγυπτιος φωνεων μεγιστον ανθρωπων.

Apostate, indeed! and, pray, sir, might not I, with equal justice, call another person a *rebel* to his old mother the church, and a traitor to her protectress the government, for endeavouring in his publications to defraud the one of some of her most essential doctrines, and for flying in the face of the other, by refusing to read on a *fast day* a part of the service appointed by the law of the land to be read, because it breathed the spirit of Christian *charity* towards his dissenting brethren*?

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum?

* "Give us grace to put away from us all *rancour* of *religious dissension*; that we, who agree in the essentials

Is this the *orthodox* mode of manifesting religion and loyalty?

Draw. Sir, I insist upon it that you treat with more respect a church-dignitary, a man of *tried zeal* in the cause of the *faith.*

Skip. Zeal, forsooth! Ha, ha, ha! a pretty abuse of words, indeed.—Is it *zeal* that teaches a dignitary to neglect the duties of his office, and a pastor the interest of his *flock,* by residing *out* of the diocese, which confers upon him his *honors,* and furnishes him with his *tythes?* Is it *zeal* which impels him to leave his sheep to hirelings and wolves, whilst he's waging a *distant* war, and pouring out abuse against the poor dissenters, calling one blockhead, and another rogue, as spleen may suggest;

Hunc Furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis?

What is such zeal as *this,* when compared

of our most holy truth, and look for pardon through the merits and intercessions of a Saviour, may, notwithstanding our differences upon points of *doubtful opinion,* still be united in the bonds of christian charity, and fulfil thy blessed Son's commandment of loving one another as he hath loved us."

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with *mine?* I, who have for twenty years together preached three sermons, on three days of every week, at places 20 miles distant from each other? I, who have held forth for two hours upon a stretch, from the top of an empty hogshead, to crowded markets, in half the towns of Somerset and Wilts? I, who have 50 times planted myself at the doors of those *devil's drawing-ing rooms*, the play-houses, card-houses, and music-houses here in Bath, and exhorted them who were entering therein to turn their backs upon these pits of destruction? I, who have as often triumphed over the attack of dead cats, rotten eggs, and every other unseemly shot, discharged at my head whilst I was haranguing the multitude; and at length silenced the noise of the unruly multitude by the persevering strength of my own unconquerable lungs?

Draw. But, have I not *built* a *church*? Have I not—

Skip. Fair and softly, your reverence. He, "who builds a church to God, and not to fame," has a fair claim to the praise

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of *zeal*; but where the principle has been reversed, the pretension cannot be admitted. If the builder have raised the fabrick merely as a *stage* for his *own acting*; as a plaything to soothe his *pride* and gratify his *vanity*; that he may sit on one of its gilded *thrones*, squat like the *Teeshoo Lama* in his pagoda; or, like his own proper prototype the pope, cajoling the people from the chair of St. Peter; ωστε αυτον εις τον ναον του θεου ως θεον καθισαι αποδεικνυοντα εαυτον οτι εστι θεος: if contributions to hospitals, dispensaries, and charity-schools, be taxed for the purchase of all this finery; we may depend upon it, that the honest public will attribute the erection of the fabrick to any thing but the *zeal* of the architect.

Draw. 'Tis false, thou base detractor; the suffrage of the world is in my favor. A large party—

Skip. Aye, aye, so *you say*; but that does not make it a whit the more true. I don't doubt, indeed, there are some who toss up their hats, and shout "Drawcansir,

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the *zealous* theologian, for ever!" but, depend upon it, man, this is not the cry of the general voice.—You will have your deserts from your contemporaries, and *posterity* will not be unjust to your real merits;

"Suum cuique decus rependit posteritas."

It little matters what such men as the *ci-divant* illuminati brothers, and your friend and admirer, *Gaffar Smut* (who follow you, as Aristotle tells us the tiger does the rhinoceros, to eat up what drops from his tail), shall say in your behalf, because the world, I believe, does not rate them beyond their value, and, consequently, their good word will not pass for much. Indeed, I often feel surprised that a man of your shrewdness should encourage such adherents. Don't you see, that the *little gemini* are merely endeavouring to escape from their *native insignificance*, and raise themselves into temporary notice, by uniting their name with that of a man who makes *some noise* in the world? and cannot you

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discover, that your reverend partizan clings to you at present, only that he may have an excuse for *catching at your mantle*, when you are translated (not to heaven, like Elijah,) but to the dignities and profits of a comfortable *see?* You know, I suppose, that it would not be the first time of his feeding off the crumbs that fell from an *episcopal table*; or of his having made a meal on the *leavings* of a *bishop!*

Draw. Intolerable insolence! But I'll not demean myself by being in a passion with you.—You shall hear from me, sir, through the channel of the Court of King's Bench.—Yes, sir, I'll bring an action of *defamation* against you—

Skip. I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Blusterer.

Κυνος ομματ' εχων καρδιην δ'ελαφοιο.

My motto, upon all occasions, is the saying of your friend St. Jerome. *Mori possum, tacere non possum*; I'm determined to speak out, let the consequence be what it may. But I believe you'll not thrust yourself unnecessarily into *that* court. You'll remem-

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ber what has been the MEED of certain persons in similar cases. Depend upon it, the plan of *secretly* circulating abuse, will be much more safe for *you* than the verdict of a *special jury*.—Besides, his lordship of the *Fens* will here lend you his assistance; and so far befriend you, that if he cannot prove your case, he'll at least take half the odium of defeat from your shoulders. Let me advise you, therefore, to ask aid of the *bishop* instead of the *chief justice*; and as you are a great admirer of the *Fathers*, to adopt on all occasions the sage hint of *Ignatius*;

Χωρις τε επισκοπε μηδεν ποιειτε.

to do nothing without the *co-operation* of his *ludship*.—

THE END.

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